

Go in Peace

by geekyfangirl17

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Go in Peace

****With a massive in fandom war going on I'm hesitant to publish this, but I know not everyone is a part of it. I am a huge Olicity shipper. I have been since the beginning. I still ship Oliver and Dinah in other things like Justice League Unlimited, Young Justice, or even the comics in general. But on Arrow Olicity has always been my ship. But just because I may ship Oliver and Felicity doesn't mean I hated Laurel. I loved Laurel and I loved her character. I know some Olicity shippers absolutely despised Laurel and are probably happy about the recent events, but I am not one of those people. I cried when Laurel died. She had an amazing personality. Laurel Lance was an amazing character. She came a long way from where she first started. ****

****So please, if you are reading (and thank you if you do read it) this and absolutely hate Felicity just stop reading. Don't leave a hateful comment. I do not want to be a part of this war. I respect both women equally. ****

****Also please feel free to check out this emotional playlist I made for Laurel. /geekyfangirl17/one-last-time ****

****Go in peace Dinah Laurel Lance. ****

Everything played out in slow motion as he turned and saw Felicity bury her head into Diggle's shoulder. Diggle's expression was full of regret and sorrow as he wrapped his arm around her and pulled her closer to him. Oliver looked down at Thea. She had placed her head on his shoulder as tears rushed down her face Thea and Laurel had gotten really close during the months he and Felicity had been traveling and in Ivy town.

Oliver stared at the heart monitor machine praying for it to beep again. Just one beep to keep him sane. Thea had moved off his shoulder and had placed her hand over her mouth as she continued to cry. Still in shock Oliver needed some air. He stepped out of the hospital room and into the hallway. He walked away from the room as he saw blue blurs pass him by. Denial flooded his thoughts as he leaned his back against the wall. He couldn't believe it. He wouldn't believe it. She had just been fine. The doctor said she was going to make it. So what happened? As he went to move away from the wall he felt a surge of dizziness take over him. He took his hand and rubbed his forehead trying to dull the screaming pain.

Hurried footsteps rushed around the corner as an out of breath man stood in front of Oliver. It was Detective Lance. Detective Lance took a step back as Oliver turned in his direction. They met eyes and instantly Oliver could feel Lance's heart shatter into a thousand pieces. No words needed to be said. Lance faltered backwards and fell against the door beside him. He caught himself in the door window but lost the strength and fell to the ground. He gripped his knee as he shook in disbelief. Guilt flooded Oliver. He had cost this man his daughter. Both of his daughters.

Oliver had to get out of here. He couldn't stand all the pain that he had thought he had once been accustomed to. He walked down the seemingly endless maze of hospital halls until he reached the main entrance. Reaching the teams van in the parking garage, he pulled out his motorcycle and took off. He sped at lighting fast speed all the way to the loft. He needed to be alone. There was no way to bring her back. The pit was out of commission and asking Barry to alternate the timeline could have dangerous effects.

He walked up the stairs into his bedroom. He hadn't stepped foot in here since the day Felicity had left, which brought back even more horrible memories. He went into the closet and pulled out a box. He dug around in it until he found what he was looking for. He pulled out a picture of him and Laurel pre-island. They had taken this picture a few months before he had gone on the Queen's Gambit. He still had his shaggy hair back then and Laurel's hair was a darker brown. They had taken the picture in back in his parent's mansion. They looked so happy and carefree. He could see the hope in his eyes, something he hadn't see in a while. This picture was before he had screwed everything all up.

Laurel's words were still ringing in his head as he continued to look at the photograph. "Ollie I know I'm not the love of your life, but you will always be the love of mine." How could she have loved a man that was so flawed, so damaged, and so destructive? How could a woman so damaged by him still have that much love in her heart? He had practically been responsible for the death of her sister two times, he had cheated on her several times, and even unknowingly fathered a child while they were still together. He had been horrible to her and yet she had still loved him through it all. She was such an optimistic person even with everything that had happened to her. She had overcome so much in the past few years, and now it all seemed pointless.

He had probably been sitting there for over an hour when he heard a knock at the door. Not wanting to part with the picture just yet, he took the picture with him. Oliver walked down the stairs and placed

the picture on the coffee table. He then turned and answered the door expecting it to be Thea. Instead a woman he had longed to see for a little while was standing there. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying and she looked like she could break down again at any minute.

"Felicity?" Oliver asked in a hushed tone. She looked up at his grief stricken face and fought back the tears welling up in her eyes.

"Oliver, I'm scared," she whispered through her shaky voice. A tear rolled down her cheek as she stood in the once familiar doorway. "I'm scared to be alone."

He wrapped her in a reassuring hug as she lost it and began sobbing heavily into his chest. His head rested on the top of her shoulder as he felt his eyes begin to swell up in tears as well.

"Laurel's gone," she sobbed into his chest. "He killed her and I waâ€¦" She couldn't finish her sentence as her grief took over. She didn't need to finish the sentence. Oliver understood what she was trying to say. She left the team. She felt guilty for leaving. She probably thought that if she was still there maybe things could have gone differently. Maybe Laurel could still be alive.

"I didn't even get to say goodbye, and Lanceâ€¦" Felicity continued feeling guiltier and guiltier. Hearing Lance's name made Oliver cringe.

"She was supposed to make it," Oliver said still denying the possibility that Laurel could be gone from his life forever. "The doctor said she was going to pull through."

Felicity unburied her head from his chest and looked up at him. "It's not fair Oliver. Laurel should still be here. Why was I chosen over her? I got shot and somehow made a miraculous recovery that I honestly don't think I deserve. Laurel deserved to be the one to make that recovery. She was out there making a difference."

Oliver placed his hand under her chin making her look up and meet his eyes. Felicity felt her butterflies dance in her stomach as his eyes bore into hers. The look on his face was that of disbelief and anger. "Felicity, you do deserve to be here. Just because you aren't helping out anymore doesn't mean you aren't part of this team. You will always be a part of this team. And just because you don't wear a mask doesn't mean you don't make a difference. I do agree with you that Laurel should still be here. She did not deserve to die tonight. Darhk's a heartless man who is going to pay a terrible price for what he did," Oliver said growing angrier at the mention of Darhk's name. His hand was now trembling with anger underneath her chin.

"I'm going to help you track him down, and Oliver when you do find him, I want you to kill the son of a bitch."

End
file.